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THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

THE SCOURGE OF THE OCEAN.

This is the title of a work just published by an officer of the United States Navy—the scene is laid in America at the time of the early troubles of the Colonists with England. It is written in a bold and spirited style, that, from the modesty of the preface we did not expect to find. If the author keeps "the promise of his Spring," we anticipate for him, a bright career. And we hope that he will not, like an illustrious cotemporary, travel abroad for themes when his own country furnishes so many of dramatic interest, which the fanciful drawing of the novelist could render of the most attractive character. One extract will give an idea of the work—it is the perilous escape of the privateer from a British seventy-four.

The reader will now conceive the situation of the privateer, when informed that she had just entered the mouth of the channel, or that part of it between the shoal of Sandy Hook, and the southeast end of the bank, running out from the southwest shore of Long Island. The wind was about north-east, and blowing at the time quite fresh; consequently it would be impossible for a vessel, after having entered the channel, to retreat. Captain Bangor, knowing this, ordered in his studding sails and prepared to chase the Scourge into the harbour. The scene was now one of stirring interest; on came the British men-of-war, dashing their spray from their own bows in roaring curls, their batteries frowning in the sun, and their snow white wings distended to their utmost, and on dashed the privateer, her long black hull scarcely visible above the water, and her lofty spars, and wide spread canvass towering high into the air.

"Now, Stanley, my boy!" exclaimed the delighted Bangor, slapping his executive familiarly on the shoulder; "what think you of the race's chance, eh?" "A hopeless one truly, sir," answered the first lieutenant; "he has run too deeply into the net for extraction."

"Say, rather we have chased him into it, sir," responded the elated commander. "Ha! ha! how delighted our worthy citizens will be when they see the Gannymede running this Scourge of the Ocean into their city, like a pedagogue ushering a truuant school boy into his study, for punishment. I am more delighted, Stanley; than if I had taken a French seventy-four, at hard knocks. Let the men put on their best moustering clothes, sir; one watch at a time, and have an eagle heat on at each mast head."

On the frigate's fore-castle, three or four seamen had collected in a group, and it was evident, from the interest which they appeared to take in the words of one who was at the time speaking, that something of import to the present circumstance was passing between them.

"Now, my lads, if that don't prove true," said the speaker, who was no other than our friend Spikes, "then call me a lubber; it's out of all reason to think he'll run in the channel without having some such manoeuvre as that ahead. Would'n't it have been better for him to have hauled his wind and passed us outside, even though he were blown out of the water, which I think he would have been if he had attempted it, as the Gannymede throws a powerful quantity of old iron on an emergency? Would'n't it have been more ship-shape, I say, to have run the gauntlet? Spikes paused and gazed at each of his auditors successively for a reply, but as they all assented by their silence, he again resumed.

"The fellow is standing on until he sees that all three of us are in the channel, and the very moment he perceives our sternmost frigate to the westward of the bar, he'll about ship and cross the Swash. 'That' privateer don't draw more than thirteen feet water, and with this tide there are many places where a man acquainted with the Shoal, may pass without rubbing the barnacles off his keel. His majesty's skippers may be very learned men for what I know, but a little bit of advice from a blue jacket, now and then, would not take the polish off their moustaches. If the two sternmost ships had kept in the offing, that is to say, to the eastward of the bank, why then it might have been all day with the chap; we'd have chased him to the Narrows, and he would have had to run in, because the frigates would have attempted to cross the Swash."

"Not exactly," replied Stay, who wished to show that he knew a thing or two in the way of manoeuvre, as well as the other; "not exactly, Mr. Spikes; the privateer would then let go his mudhook on the bank, and wait till night would give him an opportunity to dodge out; that would have been his move." "Yes, a—d—d party traverse that would be," returned Spikes, with a contemptuous turn of the lip; "lay there and be cut in pieces by the cross fire of three frigates."

"Long eighteen's ain't very exact at two miles in a sea-way," returned the other, in defence of what he had advanced.

"But haven't his majesty's frigates boats?" said Spikes; "couldn't we carry him by boarding?" "No," returned the other; that fellow would trice up his nettings, and beat off as many boats as could get around him. I tell you, Mr. Spikes, an expedition of that kind would be a mighty dear one. I've been in such scrapes afore, and knows all about it."

The privateer had now doubled what is called the West Spit, and had hauled up for the Narrows, by tracing sharp on the starboard tack; she had every thing set that would be of service, from the royals to the courses, and though on a taut bowline, the water flew from her keen bows in streams that betokened her speed any thing but tardy. By this time the sternmost frigates had crossed the bar, and the three men-of-war were ploughing their way up the channel in beautiful and imposing array, the Gannymede holding the advance, and a two and a thirty bringing up the rear. Still the privateer continued to dash ahead with her characteristic swiftness, and by the time the second frigate had braced up for the Narrows she was within a half mile of Coney Island.

The commander of the Gannymede was in the star-board quarter boat, watching the manoeuvres of the Scourge through his glass, when, to his astonishment he observed her tacking.

ready for battle. The marines were drawn up on the poop and fore-castle to pour in their volleys of musketry and officers were every where seen directing the men and stimulating them in the execution of their respective duties. When these dispositions had all been concluded, the first lieutenant repaired to the quarter boat, to note in person the daring manoeuvres of the privateer.

"By heavens! he's crossing the Swash," exclaimed Stanley, as he saw the beautiful vessel stretching over the shoal in the direction of the open sea. The fool! Does he not know how much water there is upon the bank?"

"It appears not," said Bangor, as he kept his eye upon the privateer, with the expectation of beholding her speed suddenly checked.

"If he should be so unfortunate as to cross in safety, he will escape; 'twould be impossible to beat by Sandy Hook with the wind here."

"If he should be so fortunate," said Bangor; "but that, Mr. Stanley, is an impossibility, that ship draws at least thirteen feet water, and we all know there is not that much on the bank at the highest tide."

"How high the fellow lays to the wind, and how rapid he forges ahead too, said Stanley, paying a just tribute to the qualities of the Scourge."

"Wait a moment, sir," responded the commander; "wait one moment, and you will see him hard and fast, the shoal will yet bring him up with a round turn.—Brace aback the main top-sail, Mr. Stanley; we will hold on where we are for a while." Then the ponderous yards upon the centre mast were swung round in a contrary direction with those in their front and rear, and the huge fabric gradually lessened her way through the water, until at length she was almost stationary. The two frigates followed her example, and the three men-of-war were hove to in order that their inmates might observe the privateer ground upon the banks of the shoal.

But they waited this event in vain; the gallant ship still continued to move, through the Swash unscathed and unimpeded, and for ten minutes longer, those on board of the Gannymede stood in silent but useless expectation. It was as Spikes had predicted; the privateer finding it impossible to escape at sea, ran in for the channel, in order to decoy the frigates within the bar. Everett knew that his chance of escape was much better there, for if they had suspected his manoeuvre, and kept the two sternmost frigates outside, he had the alternative of anchorage on the east bank until night should give him an opportunity to pass out. His stratagem was, however, successful, and as soon as he observed, the sternmost vessel so far in the channel as to be unable to recede he tacked and stood over the Swash. It cannot be denied, that this was a dangerous proceeding, yet Everett, from his knowledge of the bank, having whilst in the English service, been engaged in its whist, knew how far it could be trusted. It was flood tide, with an east north-east moon, which always makes a full sea in that quarter, and the Scourge drew but twelve feet water, which draft would be considerably lessened by the current, and must necessarily have when close hauled, with a stiff breeze; under these circumstances Everett expected and was successful.

"Hell and fury," shouted Bangor, after waiting for some time to see her strike, and alarmed at the distance she had already gained, "the scoundrel will escape us yet."

"He has escaped," said Stanley; "the most dangerous part of the Swash is passed, the rest is plain sailing; the two frigates should have remained outside of the bank."

Yes! but who the d—l would have foreseen this? exclaimed the excited captain, "fire into him, Mr. Stanley; give him broadside after broadside until I order you to cease. Fire away, sir, we've got him yet within the range of our pieces."

Then the thunder of the frigate's artillery rang loudly upon the waters, and masses of white smoke enveloped her tall spars, until hidden from view by the increasing vapour, she seemed a huge pillar of clouds, from which the red lightning was incessantly darting. The two frigates also opened their cannonade, and the distant roar of the guns from the fort on Long Island, told that they, too, were alive to the interests of the scene. But still the little vessel at which those thunder were so unparingly discharged, continued her way, dashing fiercely through the water and careering to the breeze until the muzzles of her lee guns were buried in the foaming element, and though cut and torn and tattered, nothing had yet been injured, that was very material to her speed. It seemed as if Providence, too, aided in her behalf, for no sooner had she obtained a position well in the Swash, than the wind hauled a point more to the northward, thus enabling her to lay up higher and place herself without the range of the enemy's guns, in a shorter period than would have been required, if the breeze had not so veered. For another fifteen minutes, she moved on, the shot sometimes ricocheting or plunging into the sea around her, and sometimes tearing the splinters from her hull and spars or passing through her swelling canvass, but at length she was beyond the reach of their guns, and their thunders died gradually away, but even after she had put miles of water between herself and her enemies, the sudden report of a single piece would rise upon the air like a growl of discontent at her well earned success. When the privateer had made an offing, she fired a single gun in derision of the efforts of the frigates, and the banner she had adopted, rose, and with one graceful swoop fluttered from her gaff.

The three English men of war tacked and came to anchor in the Horse Shoe; and when the sun sank behind the blue hills of New Jersey, the privateer was far on her way to another and a more southern latitude.

We recommend the following very able Editorial from the New York Mercantile Advertiser.

A FACTION.—Some wrong headed, weak minded, and short sighted politicians, who look only at the surface, and lose sight of the under current which is to throw them out in their political reckoning, have dared to characterise the Native American party in this city as a faction. Yes, gentlemen, it is precisely such a faction as tipped the tea overboard in Boston Bay, and will trip up all your heels as they did King George's, if you don't mind what you are about. They were then called factionists and rebels; they were afterwards revolutionary patriots, sages, and heroes—the stern asserters of natural liberty and the unalienable rights of man. Every thing, in its commencement, is a faction; but it is abuse and oppression of natural rights, which engenders resistance. The demand for ship money in England created a faction by which the unfortunate Charles the First lost his head. William Tell and his compatriots were a faction; but they achieved the independence of their country.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. Every thing must have an incipient beginning—and if it interferes with the established practice, or the supposed interest of any party, it is immediately stigmatized as factious. No matter how good or how holy is the cause—how much it commends itself to the well being of the society in which we live; it interferes, or is supposed to interfere, with the elevation of any particular demagogue to place or power; he thinks to smother it by applying, as he weakly supposes, a brand of disgrace. If persecution drives wise men mad, it is the very way to build up a general party, and we tell all parties throughout the city, in forming their tickets, that no man will succeed to any office of honor and profit, unless he can hold up his hands to the Native American party, and satisfy them that he will go for the objects of their association in sincerity and good faith. They are conducting themselves with great moderation and good sense; but they are firm to their principles as the heroes of 1776, and like them they must finally prevail. As a party, they are firmly attached to the laws and the Constitution. As individuals, they stand pledged to carry out the objects of their association; and as our Revolu-

tionary fathers relieved our country from dependence on a foreign power, so are the American party destined to achieve a second independence, and to rescue us from foreign influence and control. The cloud which, at the time the right of suffrage was extended, was 'no bigger than a man's hand,' has expanded until it covers the whole political horizon; and unless something is done, and done speedily, it threatens not only to neutralise our patriotic efforts for the preservation of our rights and liberties, but to subject the whole fabric of our republican institutions to foreign influence and control. In the last five years, 234,000 foreigners have arrived at the port of New York alone, direct from sea; add to this the great numbers arrived at other ports in the Union—the immense influx from Canada—the 400,000, it is said, coming from Germany; and let us wait for ten years, and, owing to our political divisions, there will not be a person in office from a constable to a Senator, who will not be the representative of a foreign vote, if not a foreigner himself, and the native citizen will be an alien in the country of his birth.

We are sometimes met by the objection, that if we discourage emigration, we do our country an injury; but they mistake the object of the Native American party, who suppose them unfriendly to foreigners. They are not for placing any impediments in the way of emigration, for they hold that every man, who possesses the ability and the willingness to labor, however poor he may be, adds to the actual wealth of the country; nor do they class as paupers any but the actual inhabitants of foreign lands who are on our own, or such as have lost their sense of independence by receiving parish relief. To all they are willing to extend full protection, in person and property, and in every lawful pursuit—to all in the country, the benefit of our naturalization laws, as they at present stand, but closing the door firmly and forever against all new accessions. They wish to preserve the public faith, as far as it is already pledged, and may have acted as an inducement for any to come to us, inviolate; and, thus understood by foreigners, it is generally satisfactory to them, for they see that it gives additional value to the rights they already possess.

After the present generation shall have passed away, and the places which we occupy shall be filled by our own children, we shall, if the objects of the Native American party are attained, have a national character—an identity of feeling and interests, which we do not now possess and never shall, so long as our naturalization laws remain unaltered.

We have been personally accused of being unfriendly to foreigners. We repel the charge with scorn and contempt. Look for some whom we have exposed in their malpractices on their own countrymen—Douglas Robinson, for instance—and the return is, "non est inventus." Go to their office in Dublin, and you will find it besieged by the deluded, demanding return for passage money on contracts never fulfilled, and creating popular tumults. Go to their office in this city, and you will be answered, the parties have found it convenient to be absent; and, unless we are mistaken, before long, there will be other developments of the same description.

We claim, then, for ourselves and the Native American party, the appellation of the true friends of the foreigner and the emigrant. We would give them every protection, and every opportunity of advancement. We would guard them against delusion and imposition, and we would promote their happiness and well being, by confining them to the pursuit of property, happiness, and respectability, and keeping them out of our political squabbles and divisions: their children will possess a privilege rendered more valuable by their exclusion. But there is one distinction we would extend to the foreigner of good character—a certificate of citizenship, on his having served for seven years in the United States military or naval service, or his being disabled in battle, under the star spangled banner of our country. It will then be a mark of honor to be an American citizen; but, shared as it is at present with the refuse of foreign poorhouses, the refugee from justice, the incendiary, and the assassin, pursued by the avenger of blood, or cast upon our shores as a second Botany Bay by the clemency of a monarch, it will soon become a term of disgrace.

It is time, then, that native and adopted citizens should put their hand to the work—the redemption of our common country; and that the Native American party—its aims and objects understood—should be the prevalent party throughout the Union.

Our strength may not lay in the Atlantic cities; but, even there, we are already the conservative party, and wherever we throw our united strength, that division must and will triumph; but wherever, in the country, we shall raise the Native American banner, we shall rally around it the democracy of numbers, in the honest yeomanry, who will merge all distinctions of Clay, Webster, and Van Buren, in the cry of "Down with all foreign influence or control." The administration felt the power of it in their war against the United States Bank, and the DEMOCRATIC NATIVE REPUBLICANS will show the force of it at our elections.

Let, therefore, silly politicians characterise the native and adopted citizens as factionists, because they are in favour of restricting the elective franchise; they show their ignorance and their want of patriotism, and will be disgraced and defeated at the polls; nor shall we hesitate to use every exertion in our power, to obtain the defeat of any nomination Whig or Tory, which shall be unfriendly to the principles and views of the Native American party.

TRAGICAL EVENT.—Recent letters from Sardinia speak of a tragical event of which that island has been the theatre. The young man of 30 years of age, the last scion of the illustrious house of Villa Hermosa, had, it appears, conceived a passion for a young girl of plebeian extraction. He had for some time continued his assiduities to her, and rumor began to ascribe to him better chances of success perhaps than he really possessed, when one morning his servants brought him the cloak of a fisherman which had been found fixed in the pannel of his door by the blade of a poignard. The young nobleman understood the signal; it was a vendetta, of which fair warning was thus given him, and his grandfather with whom he resided, prevailed on him for some days not to leave the house unattended. The young count of Villa Hermosa, however, was too brave and proud long to submit to these precautions. He declared his determination to go out in the same unrestrained manner as formerly, and he did so. At night he met the rival who had planted the poignard and mantle at the door of his hotel. What passed between them is not known, but it has been ascertained that the body of the fisherman was carried by the Count to the beach, and there concealed under a heap of stones. The Count now paid his addresses to the young girl as freely as before, to the astonishment of those who knew the history of the poignard, and who fully expected some signal act of vengeance. Meanwhile the family of the fisherman who had disappeared, entertained some suspicions of the truth, began to search for the body. It was found, and among the stones under which it was concealed, was also found a seal ring on which was engraved the arms of the Count. The ring had probably slipped from his finger, while he was engaged in his deed of darkness. The body was immediately conveyed to the house of a magistrate, and the ring which had been found was produced. An investigation commenced, and the proofs against the Count were so strong, that he was found guilty of murder, and condemned to death. The sentence was submitted to the King for confirmation. Charles Albert was anxious, if possible, to save the last scion of a royal race, and accordingly caused a communication to be made to the grandfather, that if he applied for mercy it would probably not be withheld. The answer of the old Spaniard was, that having chosen between justice and his own blood, he could not hesitate to decide in favor of the former. The young Count de Villa Hermosa has since been beheaded.

The silk producers in America have found the *Morus Multicaulis* admirably adapted to the subsistence of the valuable insect on the products of which their labors depend! As compared with the white mulberry, the tree used in France and Italy, the shrub in our country would seem to possess very decided advantages, recommending it to general adoption. The following article from the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, contains so much valuable information in a small space touching the culture of silk, that we feel assured that every person interested in the subject will feel pleased and instructed in the perusal of it. The advancement made by New Jersey in this important branch of industry, whilst it promises great accession of wealth to the population of that member of the Union, will serve as an example to stimulate enterprise in other quarters:—

CULTURE OF SILK.

We have been pleased to learn that much attention has this year been given by our Jersey neighbours to the culture of silk, and that their labor has been abundantly rewarded. Although the first tree in Burlington was planted last spring, we learn that there are now growing there about 300,000, and that arrangements have been made for a vast increase in the course of next year.

Much doubt has been expressed in regard to the possibility to cultivate it in this country with advantage when in France, Italy and India, those who are engaged in its production earn very low wages, and are in a state of poverty. We have made some enquiry into it, with a view to form a correct opinion of the prospects of those engaged therein, and will now submit the results to our readers.

In Italy and France the white mulberry tree is cultivated. It attains considerable height, and the labor attendant upon the gathering of the leaves is great. The leaves are small and the quantity required for the production of any given quantity of silk is exceedingly great. In this country the *Morus Multicaulis* has been adopted. This is a shrub which attains in the first year, a height of four, five or six feet, and its greatest height is probably 8 or 10 feet. There are now growing on a single acre near Burlington, from 10 to 13,000 of these trees. They bear numerous and very large leaves. Our readers will see at once how vast is the difference between the quantity of labor required for gathering any given quantity from shrubs so numerous, bearing large leaves, and of a height not exceeding five feet, and that needed for gathering small leaves from trees of the size of peach trees, when the persons employed must of necessity use artificial means for placing themselves at the height required.

In the mode of feeding and of reeling, there have also been, we understand, considerable improvements tending to limit the quantity of labor required. A very important improvement has also been made in regard to hatching the eggs. In Europe, the whole are hatched at one time, and the business of feeding is limited to six weeks. It has been ascertained during the present season, that they may be kept back until they are wanted, and hatched out whenever required. The consequence is that successive crops are obtained from the same land during the whole season. Worms are now feeding in Burlington, that were hatched about the middle of last month. Under the European system, three times the number of trees would be required to yield the same quantity of silk, because all the leaves would be required in the first six weeks of the season, and the land would be unproductive from that time until the next year. The various changes in the mode of cultivation that we have thus indicated will, we think, warrant the assertion that is made by those engaged in it, that it will be highly profitable here, although in other countries it is but moderately productive. These changes result from the application and intelligence, and are similar to those which enable the people of the United States to make large wages from the culture and the manufacture of cotton, while in other countries the cultivators and manufacturers, the people of India, obtain with difficulty a handful of rice for a day's labor.

We are informed, that experiments have been made to ascertain the quantity of silk that may be obtained from an acre, and that it has been found to yield 60 pounds. The value of a pound of raw silk, such as has been made this season at Burlington, is \$5.50. The labor of feeding and reeling is less than two dollars per pound which would leave \$3.50 per pound for the cultivator. Sixty pounds at \$3.50 would give \$210 as the proceeds of a single acre. Such is the result of experiments with the first year's growth, and it is expected that that of the second year will be much greater.

We give these facts to our readers as the result of inquiries among the various persons engaged in the cultivation of this important commodity, the consumption of which in the United States, is about ten millions of dollars, believing that they would be interested in having accurate information on the subject. If further experience should prove their correctness, its culture must extend rapidly, and the time is not far remote when we shall remit to Europe a larger amount of raw silk than will be required to pay for the commodities manufactured therefrom, as we do in regard to cotton, the production of which was unknown in this country half a century since.

Strange Circumstance.—A few days since a stranger accosted a negro man in the woods, about seven miles above this town, and inquired the distance from St. Augustine. The negro replied that he knew no place of that name, but that Baton Rouge was at a short distance. He was then asked the distance to the nearest physician and farm. The negro pointed out the road to Mr. Neilson's, where the stranger subsequently arrived. His denuded appearance and gentlemanly manners, attracted the notice of Mr. Neilson, who, with kindness and humanity, bestowed upon him every attention that his situation required. From his conversation it was ascertained that he is an officer in the U. S. army, Lieut. C. B. Chalmers, of the first regiment of artillery, lately stationed at St. Augustine Florida. He states that the last recollection he has, is of taking a ride, (which he was in the habit of doing every morning,) in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. It is surmised that he was thrown from his horse, which caused a concussion of the brain, producing insanity, and that in this state he crossed the peninsula of Florida and wandered thus far.

He states that when he found himself in the woods and met the negro, it appeared to him that he was waking from a disagreeable dream. He has some faint recollection of being on a rail road, (this is supposed to be the Ponchartrain rail road,) but cannot account for his finding himself here. It is really wonderful that he should have escaped the tribes of hostile Indians in Florida, and sustained the privations of every kind which he must have encountered during his erratic wandering, until he reached this place. It will be gratifying to his friends and relatives to know that the officers at this post, the moment that they learned the circumstances, had him removed to the garrison, where medical attendance and every possible care has been extended him.—Baton Rouge Gazette.

RETREAT GAZETTE.—A second number of the paper issued from the Insane Hospital, at Hartford, has been published, and is very interesting. The following is not bad:—

"One of the inmates of our institution, who has had some experience in the fashionable sensations accompanying quite a smart paroxysm of intermittent fever, described the severity of his disease and its consequences in the following emphatic language: 'The cold stages (he said) was so violent as to shake off all the plastering of his room—the hot stage so intense, that the bath, took fire, and he should certainly have perished in the flames, had not the profuse perspiration which followed, extinguished the fire, and saved himself and house from entire destruction.'"

Flour was selling at New Orleans, on the 23th September at \$4.00 per barrel.

A beautiful marble sarcophagus, intended to receive the remains of the Father of his Country, has been finished by Mr. John Struthers, marble mason, of Philadelphia, and is about to be presented by him to the surviving executor of the illustrious dead. The sarcophagus is in the form of a coffin, and has been chiselled out of a solid block of Pennsylvania marble, so excavated as to admit of a leaden coffin. The lid is also marble of the purest whiteness and the finest texture. On this is most delicately sculptured the American eagle standing upon a shield, beneath which is seen drapery representing the flag of the Union suspended cross wise from the top of the shield by an arrow. The folds of the banner, with the bright and polished stars upon it, are beautifully done, and are highly creditable to the skill of the artist. Underneath the shield, the word "Washington" is cut in sunken letters, so perfectly clean and neat as to give a feeling of entire chasteness to the whole. The Philadelphia Inquirer, from which we derive these particulars, adds that in the course of a few days it will be sent to Mount Vernon.

Antidote for the Poison of Prussic Acid.—At the Maidstone Infirmary, in England, a curious example of the effect of a newly discovered remedy for the effects of Prussic Acid was given by Dr. Robinson, in the course of a series of dissertations delivered before the Faculty on the subject of poisons.

"At the conclusion of the dissertation the effect of Prussic Acid was tried upon a rabbit. Three drops were administered from a glass, (the surface of which must probably have abstracted half of the quantity,) and the animal immediately exhibited the usual symptoms increased action of the lungs, dilation of the pupils, and the peculiar thrill cry which in such cases is generally indicative of immediately approaching dissolution. In order to give it a chance of recovery, however, a few drops of ammonia were administered, without apparent benefit. A constant stream of cold water was then poured upon the base of the skull and along the spine, when the animal very shortly exhibited symptoms of resuscitation. It was then wrapped in warm flannel. In a quarter of an hour it was sufficiently recovered to walk. Dr. Robinson had, in a former lecture, mentioned that this mode of treatment had been discovered by accident. A cat, which had annoyed the apprentices of a chemist, was poisoned by them with Prussic Acid, and thrown by for dead. By mere accident, however, it fell under a stream of water, which was pouring from a pump, the effect of which was its gradual resuscitation. Benefiting by this hint, the same means have been since successfully applied to more than one human subject who had taken Prussic Acid. No instance, however, had come within Dr. Robinson's knowledge where an animal had been restored after the symptoms which this rabbit exhibited; and the singularity of the case struck the Faculty as being one, a knowledge of which it was desirable should be promulgated. The rabbit is now in full health and vigor."

A free banking law has been passed by the last legislature of Missouri, providing that any twelve or more resident freeholders in a county, on subscribing \$50,000, and paying in 30 per cent, might commence banking, and issue notes to the amount of twice and a half the sum paid in. The Louisville Journal states that several of these new fangled banks have already gone into operation, and others are springing up every month, and deluging the land with their shin-plasters.

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.

FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—That the prosperity and happiness of the nation are intimately connected with the successful progress of the arts and manufactures, must be conceded to an undeniable position. They must flourish equally together, or fall into decay in each other's embrace, and experience a common fate. Their encouragement and protection, therefore, becomes a prime duty with any individual, who is desirous to promote the honor and reputation of his country. We are bound by the ties of a common interest, to unite our zealous efforts in advancing every rational scheme for forwarding those great objects. Not only do we see and feel their daily influence, but so intimately are they interwoven with all our public and private concerns, that to dispense with them would be to dispense with our highest enjoyments, nay, almost with existence itself. How persuasively, then, do these considerations address themselves to the most exalted feelings of our nature; and how impressive are the reasons and motives which ought to guide us, respecting matters of such leading importance. To disregard them, or treat them with indifference even, would betray an inexcusable apathy, if not an utter want of national pride and nobleness of sentiment. As one of the sons of the soil, who have a stake in the community, I look with no ordinary interest at the bright prospect before me; for I hail with joy the rising glory and rapidly growing improvements of my country. It is here we are to trace the great features of our real independence of dependence. It is here we are to spread the proud trophies of superiority. It is here, and to raise the standard of emulation. It is here that we must summon to our aid the counsel of the wise, and the unwavering energy and sturdy arm of the brave and free. There will confer upon us those commanding attributes that will exalt us among the nations of the earth, and conduct us on the high road to an honorable fame.

SULTAN MAHMOUD.—As this was the first occasion on which I had seen the sultan, I leant eagerly forward upon my cushions to obtain a good view of him; and I saw before me at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards at the utmost, a man of a noble physiognomy and graceful bearing, who sat his horse with gentlemanlike ease, and whose countenance was decidedly prepossessing. He wore in his fez an aigrette of diamonds, sustaining a cluster of peacock's feathers; an ample blue cloak was flung across his shoulders, whose collar was a mass of jewels, and on the third finger of his bride hand glittered the largest brilliant that I ever remember to have seen. As he moved forward at a foot's pace, loud shouts of "Long live sultan Mahmoud!" ran along the lines, and were re-echoed by the crowd, but he did not acknowledge the greeting, though his eyes wandered on all sides, until they fell upon our party, when a bright smile lit upon his features, and for the first time he turned his head, and looked long and fixedly at us.—Miss Pardee's City of the Sultan.

A WHALE FIGHT.—From the description given us of the sanguinary battles which not unfrequently occur between the sperm whales, we should think that no animals fight with such dreadful ferocity. The females always go in droves of about twenty, with one very large male in company. A majority of the males wander on the ocean alone. Whenever a lone whale meets with a drove, he forthwith turns upon the male of the group and gives him battle. Our informant says he attacked one of these males while engaged in a fight, and succeeded in taking him. Their manner of fighting is bold and destructive. They run backward from each other several rods, and then rapidly advance, head foremost; their great square heads meeting with a dreadful suddenness. The scene was one of awful display. The two monsters, being among the largest of their species, advanced upon each other, with their jaws, widely extended, exhibiting huge rows of teeth, and presenting the most ferocious appearance. They cleaved much flesh from each other's heads, and left deep marks of their immense teeth in other parts. In the affray one of them had his jaw slowed round, and many of his teeth stove out; while the jaw of the other was broken off, so that it hung to the head only by the flesh. It is said that these battles are not uncommon; and the conqueror always joins the droves of females, and assumes the chief place.—New Bedford Gazette.